

A

S E R M O N

On the Death of the

REV. MR. EDWARD SANDERCOCK.

On Tuesday the second of January,

M.DCC.LXX.

In the sixty-seventh year of his age, died

THE REV. MR. EDWARD SANDERCOCK.

An able, diligent, and faithful minister;

A judicious, useful, serious, pathetic preacher;

A courteous, sincere, steady, zealous friend:

In religion chearful, rational, and devout;

In manners pure and innocent;

In doing good happy and unwearied;

In conversation meek, candid, kind, agreeable, entertaining,
and instructive;

His doctrine exhibited the justest views both of christian
principles and precepts;

While he liv'd, he exemplify'd, in the most engaging manner,
the practice of the one;

And when he died, experienc'd the consolation of the other.

With such accomplishments and virtues,

It was impossible that he should not have liv'd universally belov'd,

And died universally regretted.

A
S E R M O N ^{13,}

P R E A C H E D A T

The Chapel in Saint-Savior-Gate, York,

T O A

Congregation of Protestant Dissenters,

On Occasion of the Death of the Reverend and Learned

MR. EDWARD SANDERCOCK.

To which is prefix'd

A short Discourse deliver'd at his Funeral.

B Y

NEWCOME CAPPE.

L O N D O N

Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT, in
the Strand.

M.DCC.LXX.

TO
MRS. SANDERCOCK,
THE WORTHY RELICT
OF HIS FRIEND
THE REV. MR. EDWARD SANDERCOCK,
IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE
OF MANY, VERY GREAT, AND LONG-
CONTINUED
OBLIGATIONS FROM THEM BOTH,
THE FOLLOWING DISCOURSES,
PUBLISHED AT HER REQUEST,
ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY HER MOST OBEDIENT HUMBLE
SERVANT,

NEWCOME CAPPE.

YORK, JANUARY XVII.

M.DCC.LXX.

Read at the Funeral

OF THE

REV. MR. EDWARD SANDERCOCK,

I CORINTHIANS, CHAP. XV.

SUCH, Christians, are the apostle's reasonings, concerning the possibility and the certainty of a resurrection from the dead: such and so important the conclusions that he draws from it.

Death is a very awful thing. A grave is a very serious spectacle. Who can look upon a dying man, and not feel for what is passing in his heart? Who can look into a human grave, and say that he is not interested in it? Of you, my friends, I have ask'd the question, but I will presume to make the answer for you; you agree with me, I am persuaded, that whoever is unmov'd amidst the scenes of death, must be among the most obdurate and unworthy of mankind.

A dying friend, surely, is an object which no human eye can see without the tears of pity
and

and of kindness: it is a trying scene: it is a melting sight.

Tho', when the spirit is dislodg'd, the body knows not what is passing round it, and is alike insensible to pleasure and to pain, yet, that body, the curious workmanship of God, once the habitation of an immortal mind, still the care of him who is exalted to be Lord both of the living and the dead, and hereafter to be raised an incorruptible, spiritual, glorious body, that body, we cannot look upon, neither without regret, nor without respect: it acquires a kind of sacredness from the touch of Death: it is naturally and justly an object of our care, and it behoves us, with decorum and solemnity, to commit it to the earth from which it came.

To the earth, we have committed all that was earthy, of a christian brother, of a faithful minister, of a much-esteem'd and well-beloved friend. There, we have left, in that land of silence and forgetfulness, all that remains in this world, of one, concerning whom, your heart-felt grief, on this occasion, testifies that you number'd him among the wisest, the worthiest, the devoutest, the friendliest, and most amiable of mankind. How different is this day, from those happy days, gone to return no more, when with him we were accus-
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tom'd to take sweet counsel together, and walk'd to this house of God in company! How different is this season, from those happy seasons, gone to return no more, when his devotion animated our devotions here, and his lips distill'd wisdom! How different the dead from the living friend! How different this house of God, which was once his exceeding joy, from the house that he now inhabiteth! Yet that, my friends, is the house appointed for all the living. There, you, by and by, must make your bed. Great as the difference is between the living and the dead; that change must pass on you. There is a day, at what distance no man knows, but every man will acknowledge, that it may be very near, when our places shall be vacant, both in God's house, and in our own; when the tears of friendship shall bedew our clay-cold bodies; when our funeral shall pass along the streets; and the gazing multitude shall be gather'd round our open graves. What think you of these scenes? Is there nothing serious in them? Is there nothing important after them? Are you ready for them? Are you fit for death? Are you prepar'd for judgment? Are you provided for eternity? Is it certain that you are? From my heart I rejoice with you, for Death cannot hurt you, tho' he lay his hand on you to-night. Nay, it would be better with you than it is, if you were sleeping by

our faithful friend. The living may apostatize from the paths of virtue; but to those who are dead in Christ, who have continu'd patient in well-doing to the end, all that heaven means, and all that God has promised, is secure. Watch and pray, be faithful and devout, preserve your virtue, dispatch your work, improve your talents, for blessed are those servants whom their Lord when he cometh shall find watching.

But what, my friends, if it be not so with you? what if you are not ready for the awful scenes, which are, from day to day, approaching you? If this be your character, consider seriously what will be your wisdom. It will not be your wisdom to continue in impenitence, for you know not what a day may bring forth. There is not a death you hear of, but reproaches you with folly; there is not a grave you see, but urges you to number your days, and apply your hearts unto wisdom. That hollow tomb, where we have now deposited the remains of our departed friend, addresses you in a language that ought to strike you and persuade you, for it is a good man's grave, who always was prepar'd for every event of providence; who was always ready to every good word and work; who often warn'd you, with the truest friendship and the tenderest compassion, of the uncertainty of this life, and the importance

portance of the next; and who himself, if you will believe my testimony, and I was with him in that fatal hour, was comforted in death by reflecting on a well-spent life, and having found religion a source of constant chearfulness in this world, deriv'd from it also the most cordial consolations, when he saw, assuredly, that he was going out of it. He is dead, but he yet speaketh to you. His doctrine, his example, the tenor of his life, and the end of it also, all, concur to recommend religion to your practice. Hear him, follow him, you'll not repent of it; his life was exemplary, his death was comfortable, and his eternity is glorious.

O God, all hearts are thine, incline us and enable us to make a just improvement of this awful providence; and let the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the holy Spirit, be with us all, for evermore. Amen.

S E R M O N

On the Death of the

REV. MR. EDWARD SANDERCOCK.

In the Acts of the Apostles,

The ninth Chapter and the sixth Verse,

LORD WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?

IT is not, I presume, unknown to any of you, under what peculiar circumstances of affliction I now rise up to speak to you. It is ordinarily a pleasure to me to serve you in the gospel of Christ: I cannot say so now. I had a Friend, by whom my burthens were made easy, my heart was cheer'd, and my hands were strengthen'd. I was, and I hope you too were, edify'd by the constant, pious, friendly services of an able and faithful minister, once our delight, now our grief, whom I never saw without pleasure, and of whom, from henceforth till I meet him in the kingdom of our common Lord, I can never think without regret.

gret. Insensible to the loss I cannot be, till I have forgotten him; forget him I never would; I think I never can. No, christians, it will be for your interest as well as for my own, that I should keep such a model continually in my view, and should hold his temper, and his conduct, and his services in everlasting remembrance. For an hour, however, if I could, I would forget the anguish of my heart, that I might be the better able to assist you, my friends, to make a due improvement of this awful providence.

“Lord what wilt thou have me to do?” is a question proper to be ask’d and weigh’d by us, on occasion of any serious and interesting event. By inquiring, as under the eye of God, concerning all that happens to us what our duty is, we shall be preserved from many oversights and errors, and enabled to discharge most acceptably what God requires of us, and to improve most advantageously whatever he appoints unto us. The question was originally the apostle Paul’s, it was extorted from him, by that alarming vision which from a persecutor transformed him into a preacher of the gospel. But this is not the circumstance that recommended it to my thoughts on the present occasion, nor is this the point of view in which I mean to exhibit it to you. It is not
many

many weeks since you heard these words from the mouth of another preacher, to whom, concerning himself, the answer of divine providence to the question, at that time, was this, "Thy labors, my faithful servant, are at an end: my rest is ready to receive thee: I accept what thou hast already done so exemplarily and so chearfully in my vineyard: now, thou hast little more to do; all that remains to thee, is to hope, and wait, and die." Yes, christians, Death has stopt the preacher's tongue, and I am now to take up the theme which my friend left unfinished, and to apply it, as I am able, for your assistance, in the improvement of that affliction with which the hand of God hath touched you.

Our powers and faculties, you will readily acknowledge, are instructors by which God enlightens us, and talents which heaven has entrusted to our care, our employment, and improvement, and of which we are to render an account. The same reasons that induce you to admit this truth, oblige you to receive another also, to wit, that the events of life, are intended for your benefit, no less than the powers of nature, that they also are instructors to direct and to admonish you, and talents to be occupied and improv'd by you. They are capable of suggesting many salutary moral counsels: they are capable of being applied to many valuable

luable moral purposes. The events of life are as much God's appointment, as the faculties of our frame are his gift; both alike come from him. There are no circumstances, into which we can be brought, that do not fix upon us some peculiar obligations. This life is a scene of discipline, and it is upon our circumstances that our discipline depends: these are the engines of our education for a nobler and a happier life. It behoves us, therefore, to observe their operation, to admit their genuine influences, and to make the best advantage of them that we can. We are to give account of them hereafter, and therefore it behoves us to attend to them and improve them here. Let us then accustom ourselves, to consider providence no less than nature, as conveying to us notices of the mind and will of God; and in regard to every serious event of life, whether it be prosperous or adverse, let us accustom ourselves to inquire, with what temper we should receive, and to what advantage we may turn it; let us apply our best endeavors, as in the fight of God, to inform ourselves what it is that he would have us to do. Knowing and doing this, no event can hurt us; however, for the present, it may not be joyous but grievous; afterwards, it will yield us the peaceable fruits of righteousness in this world, and a recompence of immortal glory in a better. There is
nothing

nothing evil in the providence of God : if you will, you may be the better and the happier for every dispensation of it : he means you should be so : these are the ends to which all the dispensations of his providence are directed : it is with these views, that he mingles, as he does, such various ingredients in the cup of life.

To the honest and sincere enquirer, what every occurrence of divine providence demands of him, it never can be very difficult to discover ; yet to some of you, perhaps, it may not be without its use, by way of admonition rather than of instruction, briefly to remind you, in what manner it becomes you to receive, and to what purposes it behoves you to apply, that awful providence, which elsewhere, as well as in this assembly, has created many an aching heart, and many an unaffected tear.

When an able, diligent, and faithful minister, whose heart was deeply interested in his work, and whose duty was his chief delight ; who uniformly acted on the principles he preach'd, and conscientiously exemplify'd the precepts he inculcated ; when such a minister, having fought the good fight, and kept the faith, and finished his course, has shut his eyes
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to look on us no more, has clos'd his lips to speak to us no more, and has made his bed in darkness and the dust; you, my friends, who had once so large a share in his affections, for whose present and eternal interests he was so seriously concern'd; you, who have had such pleasure in his conversation, such encouragement from his example, and such benefit from his instructions, may reasonably be suppos'd to be comparing this day with many better days that you have known, and to be enquiring, every one of you, concerning the event that beclouds and saddens it, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" May I presume to answer the enquiry? You will not pronounce it a presumptuous attempt, for whatever may reasonably be expected of you on the occasion, that, you must admit to be the will of God.

FIRST then, I conceive that, in respect of this awful providence, it is the will of God that ye feel the affliction, and submit to it. Some of you, I know, will find it much more difficult to submit to the event than to feel it. But if there were a man in this assembly, incapable of being touch'd by the ravages of death; incapable of being mov'd by the death of any but himself; incapable of feeling for a friend, when his friend is dead; incapable of feeling for the church of Christ, when a wise,

a serious, and laborious minister is lost to it; incapable of feeling for the world, when a public, amiable, and respectable example of the christian character is taken out of it: If there were a man in this assembly, incapable of feeling for himself, when he has lost all these advantages, when he has heard the last instructions, and receiv'd the last counsels of such a minister and such a friend: If there were a man in this assembly so insensible, for him, I would ask of God, to take away that stony heart, and to give him a heart of flesh; and of him, I would ask these serious and important questions: Is death so light a trifle, that the ravages of death ought not to impress our minds? Is the resemblance and the relation between us and other men so very distant, and so very small, that we ought not to take any interest in what happens to them? Are the sentiments of friendship, humanity, and sympathy so irrational, unchristian, and unamiable, that we ought not to admit them into our hearts? Is a minister who owns no other rule of doctrine than the truth as it is in Jesus, and whose life adorns the doctrine that he preaches, so very trivial a blessing, that the church of Christ should affect to part with it without sorrow or regret? Is the world so wise and good, so sensible to spiritual, invisible, and everlasting things, so much what God would have them be, so much what it is their
interest

interest both for time and for eternity that they should be; is the world so wise and good; are the examples in it of pure and undefil'd religion, of a steady, universal, and engaging virtue, so numerous and so superfluous, that a friend of virtue and religion can see the lights of the world, those burning and shining lights in which for a season he rejoic'd, extinguish'd, and remain unmov'd? Can you, who are capable of being untouch'd by such events, remain unconcern'd about yourselves? Does not this indifference of yours betray in you, such an inattention to the most serious and affecting lessons of divine providence, such negligence concerning the most precious and important talents of your master who is in heaven, such carelessness concerning the interests of other men both here and hereafter, as does no honor to the reasonableness of your character, no honor either to the piety, or the charity of your temper? It betrays in you so obdurate and unpromising a state of mind, as ought in all reason to awaken and alarm you. To you, the removal of a serious preacher, to you, the extinction of a good example, is indeed a peculiar loss. Death himself, it seems, even when he speaks to you with every advantage on his side, speaks not with force enough to reach your hearts. You stand in need of the concurrence of every means and every instrument; all
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will not be too much; it is well, if in the end, it prove sufficient, to rouse you out of that lethargy, to mollify your hearts and bring you to a better mind. God never wills that his chastisements should be unfelt, when he smites he means to wound.

But let me not distress you, my christian brethren, I am persuaded it is less difficult for you to feel this affliction, than to submit to it. You are painting, it may be, in your imagination, those happy days when you saw and heard my beloved friend in the place where I now stand, and you are saying in your hearts, "Oh that it were with us as in months past! would to God it were!" But if our prayers could not save him from the grave, can our wishes bring him back again? Reanimated that body shall be, but it cannot be reanimated now. No groans of yours can awake that sleeping dust. No calls of yours can provoke that silent tongue. No effusions of your grief, however vehement; no expressions of your friendship, however ardent, can warm that clay-cold heart. Once it was glowing warm in the cause of God, and in your service; that holy fire is extinct; the hand of Death has quench'd it; such is the will of Heaven. It is hard to bear, but it is vain to murmur at it; the decrees of heaven cannot be revers'd, you

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cannot even wish to reverse them without irreverence and ingratitude. Grief is natural; reluctance is ineffectual; and impatience is impiety. Does any thing come to pass without the knowledge, the permission, or the appointment of God? No. And is not God almighty? Yes. And is he not as wise as he is powerful? No doubt. And is he not as good as he is wise? He is. There is nothing wrong then, in the divine administration. With God, it is as kind to take away, as it is to give. Clouds and darkness may be round about him, but justice and mercy are the habitation of his throne. We see but a little way into the providence of God. Beyond our sphere of vision, there is a bright and boundless scene. There, our departed friend already sees what we cannot see, in respect both of himself and us the wisdom and the kindness of the voice that call'd him from us. That bright, that boundless scene will, by and by, be opening upon us; the day is coming when we shall know as we are known; in that day, my mourning friends, in that day of joy and triumph, you believe as steadily as I, may God give you in this day of trial and affliction to conceive the comfort of the thought, that we shall admire the events which we now deplore, and join together in adoring God, with a piety as sincere and ardent for the afflictions which

which we have suffer'd, as for the comforts which we have enjoy'd. You love God, you say, and I believe it, and the love of God, you know, infers alike, a delight in his commandments, and an acquiescence in his will. To be insensible is to be unnatural; to refuse to be comforted is to be irreligious. An unfeeling heart, and a repining heart are both, and both equally, remote from the temper that becomes affliction, and the disposition that adversity requires. God does not mean that his afflictive dispensations should be either opiates or corrosives: he neither means that they should be receiv'd by us with insensibility, nor that they should provoke us to rebellion. He would have you feel them, that your submission to them may be a reasonable service; and he would have you submit to them, that the pain they give you may not be merely a natural, unavoidable, and uncommendable impression.

Again, in the SECOND place, another thing which God would have you do, in respect of the event that has given a peculiar color to the services of this day, is that you should be led by it to reflect upon your own mortality. What man is he that liveth and shall not see death? Who can deliver his soul from the hand of the Grave? The days of man are determin'd, but the number of his months is with the Lord;

hidden in the book of God's decrees ; we know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of man cometh. Die we must, and we may die soon. You may indeed live out your three-score years and ten ; but if, in the mean time, you live unmindful of the uncertainty of life, and unimprest by the dangers to which you are continually expos'd, it is likely that so long a life will prove no great blessing to you. The usefulness of life, the true improvement, and I will venture to add the best enjoyment of it too, depends very much upon a serious sense of its shortness and uncertainty. Who would trust to it that knows it ? The man who thinks it may be rely'd on, to say no more, thinks not truly, almost every thing around him reminds him that his confidence is vain. Even while I was writing the sentence I have just now utter'd, I was interrupted, with the intelligence of the death of one whose death I should have thought at a greater distance than my own. A stranger, on a visit, not in the decline of life, only just arriv'd at the opening bloom of youth, was worshipping with us not long ago : Yesterday, Death breath'd upon the lovely flower, and now it is withered away. In all circumstances, in all ages, at home, abroad, in our business, among our pleasures, on the prepared and the unprepared, on the expecting and the unexpected, when God gives
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the signal, Death does his office. The arrows of Death are continually flying round us; now they strike our fathers, now our children, now our brethren, now our friends, by and by, they must be in our hearts. Say when? You cannot. And amidst all this ignorance, and danger, and uncertainty, is it wisdom to shut your eyes upon the grave? is it wisdom to decline all thoughts of death? is it wisdom to fly from them into scenes of vice, or vanity, or dissipation? How much wiser is that man, and how much better and happier is it likely that he will be, who avails himself of every event of which he can avail himself, to renew his convictions of the uncertainty of life, and to enliven the impressions of it on his heart! How much wiser, how much better, how much happier is his temper, who listens to that still, but solemn voice, which proceeds from every human corpse, which issues out of every human grave; "Behold here is the end of all men: Ye living lay it to your hearts."

This, and much more than this, I might have said to you on the present occasion, with the most perfect propriety, whatever had been the office and the character of our departed friend; but his office and his character, both, well known, respected, and esteem'd by you, suggest to us some peculiar lessons, and
place

place even this subject of mortality, in a more peculiar point of view. You are no strangers, I believe, to the artifices which the mind employs, to justify itself, in putting off the thoughts of dying, and to encourage itself in the flattering expectation that there is yet much of life to come. May it not in some instances, at some times happen, that the comparative excellence of our characters, the usefulness of our lives, and the importance of their continuance to those who are connected with us, or dependent on us, may tempt us, in our imagination, to set our exit out of life, at a greater distance than we should? Are we tempted, in this manner to injure and deceive our souls? Let us cast a look into the mansions of the dead, there are those sleeping there, that were as good, as useful, and as necessary as ourselves. If there were a secret of prolonging life, this, methinks, would bid fairest to be found such, to make our characters as excellent, our talents as useful, and our lives as necessary as we might: but even after this is done, God can, by other means, and by other instruments, accomplish all that could be done by us. No excellence, no usefulness, no importance can at any time give stability to our lives, any more than they can, at last, deliver us from the hand of the Grave.

Forgive

Forgive me, my reverend brethren, if, with these ideas in my mind, I turn my eyes on you. The day will come, no excellency of your characters can protract the interval, the day will come, when your respective charges shall be weeping at your graves. The day will shortly come, when you shall teach them by your death, what living you have often taught them, that there is no work, nor knowledge, nor device, in the grave whither we are going. Yes, Time calls upon us, Death calls upon us, the Providence of God calls upon us, the honor of our master's kingdom, the decreasing number of his faithful ministers, the interests of the souls committed to our care, the safety of our own souls also, all, call upon us with united voice, let us hear it and obey it, to be diligent in business, and fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.

Again, christians, in the THIRD place, the event which we are this day deploring should lead you into a serious inquiry, concerning the improvement you have made of the advantages you have lost. You have not done with that faithful servant of God. You have yet to meet him at the judgement-seat of Christ. There he must witness either for you, or against you; and which, depends upon yourselves.

yourselves. Save him, O my friends, he, you know, would have sav'd you any pain, save him the bitter anguish of deposing that he often warn'd, but you did not hear; that he often call'd, and you would not answer. They were no cunningly devised fables that he preach'd to you: they were serious and important realities. You know that he expected to account for his ministry, and you also have the same reason, that is, the best reason to believe, that you are to account for the use you made of it. How does the account stand, and what have you to answer? It merits an inquiry. If you have not made the benefit you should have made, of the precious talents which in him have been entrusted with you, it is not yet, perhaps, too late. Memory may do, what past impressions have not done; and the dead preacher, may have greater weight with you, than the living. Sometimes it happens so: we can bear to neglect the counsels of our friends, while they are living; when they are dead, we repent of the injury, and would repair it. Look into your hearts then: look into your lives. From this place, you have often heard those displays of the evidences whereon our religion rests, which now you will hear no more; has your faith, christians, been confirm'd by them? From this place, you have often heard those lessons of divine knowledge,

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which now you will hear no more; have they made you wise unto salvation? From this place, you have often heard those urgent importunities, those awakening admonitions, those tender invitations, those cogent arguments to repentance, which now you will hear no more; sinners, have you heard them to any profit? or do they still remain recorded in the book of God, as aggravations of your guilt? From this place, you have often heard those exhibitions of the nature, the character, the providence, and the government of God, that were well calculated to excite in you the spirit of unaffected piety, and to engage you diligently to cultivate it; tell me, have they form'd you to the sentiments and habits of a pure and genuine devotion? From this place, you have often heard those engaging representations of the bonds that bind us to each other; you have oft receiv'd those amiable delineations of brotherly love and charity, that were well calculated to engage you to love one another with a pure heart, fervently, and to do good to all men as you have opportunity, even to those who hate as well as those who love you; have you learnt from them to be kindly-affectioned one towards another, and to do to all men as you would that they should do to you? From this place, you have often heard inculcated, the obligations, the expediency, the benefits, and

the pleasures of a sober conduct and well-regulated mind; what effect has it had upon you? have you learnt to walk circumspectly, and to keep your hearts with all diligence as the sources out of which are the issues of life? From this place, you have oft been wisely warn'd of the temptations of the world, and tenderly admonish'd concerning the deceitfulness of sin; how is it with you, christians? are you still rash enough to trust yourselves with sin? are you still presumptuous enough to think lightly of temptation? From this place, you have lately heard explain'd, the nature, the extent, the reasonableness, and the advantages of family religion; I well remember that the seed was good; have you receiv'd it into honest hearts? what fruit has that seed produc'd? Is God, from day to day, reverenc'd and worshipp'd by you, your children, and dependents, or, are there any of you who still live from week to week, as if there were no God? From this place, you have often heard the most serious reflections on the vanity of life, on the approach of death, on the certainty of judgment, and the importance of eternity; in what light do you consider these things? Are they things seen and temporal that you look at, or, are you among that happy number, who are govern'd by a just regard to things unseen and everlasting? Such, my friends, are the enquiries to which

which the providence of God now calls you. If you are not the better for that faithful ministry which is now for ever at an end, you must inevitably be the worse for it, for of them to whom much is given, much will be requir'd. Go hence, my brethren, when you go, not into scenes of pleasure, or of dissipation, or of worldly business; go into your closets, you have much serious business there. Place yourselves as in the presence of God; consider the advantages you have enjoy'd, and are now to enjoy no more; consider the proficiency you have made under these advantages; set them in comparison together; take the result impartially, and attend, for your own soul's sake, I earnestly beseech you, attend to what that result suggests to you concerning your duty now, and your happiness hereafter. Your wheels of life will be stopping by and by, in a little time you also will be sleeping by that faithful friend, in the land of silence and forgetfulness. Think upon the transports, or the horrors, of that day, when starting together from the dust of death, you shall go together to give in your account. I doubt not, you doubt not, no man can doubt, what acceptance he will find, "well done good and faithful servant" will be his sentence: may you and I, my friends, partake with him in the triumph to which he shall

awake, and sit down with him, for ever, in the kingdom of our heavenly father.

My brethren, can you bear with me for a few minutes more, while I procede in the FOURTH place, to add, in the words of an apostle, that another duty to which the providence of God now calls you, is "to remember them that have had the rule over you, and have spoken to you the word of God, and to follow their faith, considering the end of their conversation." We ordinarily call such services as these in which we are now engag'd, the last tribute of respect to the memory of our deceased friends. They should not be so. The genuine followers of Jesus, when in this world they cease to live in every other manner, should not cease to live in our remembrance and our imitation. Thus they should live as long as we live. We are commanded to be followers of them who thro' faith and patience are inheriting the promises of God: and if it be expected of the ministers of religion, that they should be ensamples to the flock, in all holy conversation and godliness; of the flock, it is as indispensably requir'd, that the influences of these examples should be as deep, as universal, and as lasting as they may. While they live, the exemplars of christian ho-
linefs,

lines, are, themselves, ever and anon, retracing the ideas of their virtues on our hearts: when they are dead, they cannot do it; we must do it, for them. My brethren, do not lose the remembrance of our departed friend: cherish it, for it will do you good. In all the scenes in which you have beheld him, let his amiable image, let his engaging virtues, be often rising to your view. When the lines grow faint let Memory retouch them. Yet remember him, my friends, not merely to soothe yourselves with the recollection, not merely to renew the delight you have had in him; remember him, to follow his faith, to copy his fidelity. Remember his religion, and see that ye be, like him, devout without enthusiasm, and without superstition conscientious. Remember his benevolence, and see that ye be, like him, without distinction of name, or sect, or party, kind to all men, and of every man that feareth God and worketh righteousness, hoping and believing all things. Remember the decency, and the sanctity of his manners, and see that ye be, like him, holy in all manner of conversation: Christ, his master and your master, was his model, let him be your model also, and be ye followers of him as he was of Christ. Remember the courteousness, and the cheerfulness of his disposition, and see that there be nothing sour or austere about you;
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be ye studious, as he was, to adorn the doctrine ye profess, to preclude every prejudice against Religion, and to shew her as she is, truly amiable and full of consolation. Remember the constancy, the diligence, the readiness, the delight, with which he discharg'd the duties of his character and station, and hold ye out, as he did, in every good work unto the end. Then, your end will be like his: a better end I do not wish you: you cannot wish yourselves a better. Live as he liv'd, and you may hope to die as he died; your last day will be like his last day, undisturb'd and unclouded; your sun will set as his sun set, in peace, serenity, and hope. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.

Finally, my brethren, while the great Lord of the vineyard is calling out of it such faithful laborers, let us, day by day, offer up to him our earnest intercessions, that he will make all who continue in it faithful, that he will increase their number, that he will direct, support, and prosper them in their labors.

The gospel lives, tho' the preachers of the gospel die. In that there is no change. The everlasting gospel is its name. No vicissitudes
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of private life, no civil tumults, no public revolutions, can either injure or endanger it. What a consolation! It has comforted our departed friends. When we are dead, it will comfort our surviving relatives. It will guide the living, and sustain the dying, till that glorious period of the divine administration shall arrive, when sin, and pain, and grief, and death shall be no more.